

The Lovely Mallincoort.

By HELEN MATHERS,
Author of "Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Thro'
the Rye," "My Lady Green
Sleeves," Etc.

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tion.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cynthia was standing by the window, looking at those delightful palace grounds, that no one ever seems to enjoy but once in a way—say at a royal garden party—and she did not turn her head as Lesley came in—Lesley, who, for once, was tongue-tied, and did not immediately speak. Slowly she took out the long pins from her feathered white hat and threw it on the orange-brocade sofa—the room was all yellow and orange, for Cynthia was a sun worshiper—then set her little teeth hard, and, going up to Cynthia, touched her on the shoulder.

Cynthia knew the touch and turned and looked at Lesley, with late and jealousy in the eyes that had been so friendly when, hardly 24 hours ago, they had started on the coach together for Bandown.

Lesley's hand dropped to her side, and for a few moments neither spoke. "He loves you," said Cynthia, in a cool voice, "as you can make any man you please love you. You have had so much practice. You could not even let him alone—any man, my idol—who might have turned to me at last, when he saw how foolish, how selfish, other women were, and now?"

She threw up her arms with a despairing gesture, and the wide sleeves of her lace wrapper fell back and showed her whiteness; her red brown hair was drawn into a great knot at the back of her head, and it struck Lesley afresh what a glorious woman she was, and how idolized by almost any other man than Romy she might have been.

And, only an hour ago, Lesley could have said to her, "Take Romy." She could hear her own voice, with the ring of contempt in it, and now it was all explained; all at once Lesley forgave her. Cynthia had been so much fool, after all; she had set her love high, she had loved worthily and with all the strength of a fiercely pure, passionate heart had loved the highest.

In these short three weeks, bit by bit, the girl's character had revealed itself to Lesley, without a coarse or a mean trait in it. Her only fault that she had loved unsought, and that she could not hide it—being, for all her worldly training, as sincere at heart as Lesley herself—any more than she could make flesh and blood of the man who adored her, who were but as shadows that crossed and recrossed her path.

Something in Lesley's face, as she stood apart, frightened Cynthia out of her own reckless passion and pain, and, drawing near, she said:

"Oh, my God! Say that you don't love him, Lesley!"

Lesley looked up, with strained eyes. They would never be quite young eyes, such as she had brought to town, to love again.

"We were always quarrelling at first, you know," she said, "and I was always—praising—you, but we have grown chummy—lately."

"But you don't love him!" cried Cynthia, fighting, like a tigress for her whelps, for this man's love. "You will go away. You will forget all about him. Even if you have a fancy for him it won't hurt you much to put it aside. You haven't loved him—child, girl and woman—as I have done! Don't you think I know what man are? Either fools or knaves, leech or lava; to freeze a woman's heart with neglect or warm it at the fires of their own passions, leaving her to their ashes afterward! And there is only one Romy, with deep, deep warmth under his coldness, and a woman had better be his dog than a lesser man's queen!"

And Lesley knew it was true. Oh, yes, it was true. And in her ears was ringing the refrain of her own gospel, "Always help a fellow woman if you can," and now the time had come when she must not up to that gospel or be a renegade to her own belief.

Help, yes, but beggar oneself? To strip off your purple robe of love and wrap a beggar in it, hoping she may catch the king's eye, but what if you have stripped yourself naked in vain, and the king has already chosen?

"You do not love him," persisted Cynthia. "I have watched you. Even when he came up to the coach yesterday you did not see him—I know that by the way you spoke to him when we were coming back; by your face as you walked with him in the park today. It will cost you nothing—nothing to send him away. It is only strange to you when a man does not love you. You were made to be loved, not to love, and I must love or die!" She knelt down and put her head in Lesley's lap as she sat cold and erect. "And there will be but one man in the world for me, and that is Romy!"

For a moment Lesley hesitated, then laid her hand on the heavy, rich hair. He was worth it all. Lesley's eyes dimmed as her gaze went leaping down the future, and she saw—what did she see? Nothing that her indomitable spirit and high courage could not compass. She stood at the parting of the ways. There was time—just barely time to draw back, wrenched, perhaps, but not to the death, and let the other woman walk the path alone upon which one man's masterful steps echoed.

"Cynthia," she said a little wildly, "I've got a great longing for dad and home. I think I'll go tomorrow. And if I don't see you again to wish you goodby you'll remember that I wish you—your heart's desire!"

And before Cynthia could rise to her feet she was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Gone away! Gone away!" The musical cry so dear to fox-hunters' ears rang mockingly in Lesley's ears, but with no answering rush forward, no cheery following, as at 5 o'clock in the morning she stood in the middle of the room that had been prepared for her as an unwelcome guest, and whence she was now severely departing, without that good character which she had so earnestly promised to Lady Appuldurcombe.

"Gone away!" Slipped off! She over-

even her face and thought of those words of Romy's that had so angered her when she rode with Yelverton, perhaps because they were true, for Lesley had a perfect genius for running away and had been sent to school three times, only to bob up serenely at Mallincoort, having begged or stolen the money to pay her fare home, or, as on one occasion, walked the distance. And now she was running away again, this time because, though she could give Romy up, she could not trust herself to see him again, and the worse he thought of her the better it would be for Cynthia.

She had told her maid that she was tired and on no account to be called until 10 o'clock—and the train left at 10:30—plenty of time to dress herself and say goodby to Miss Coquette, and she would be far on her journey before the cuckoo in the nest would be missed!

She would have liked to say goodby to Yelverton and some of the men who had been really good to her in these brief three weeks—some of them had asked her to marry them, but that came and passed as a matter of course, doing no harm—and also to beg Lady Appuldurcombe's forgiveness for all the trouble she had given her, but this was impossible, though a little note on the table explained boldly enough that Lesley was homesick and had "gone home."

When she had put on a cool, neat traveling gown and hat she included a 25 note and addressed it to Charlie, put gold in a good many envelopes with the servants' names outside, then taking up the little bag, which somehow she always associated now with Romy, softly opened the door and listened intently, fearing lest some household might just be stirring.

But Lady Appuldurcombe's household slept late, and the girl met no one, as passing one moment outside Romy's door, while her lips moved in a little loving pitiful farewell and blessing in one to him, she stole softly down the staircase, and knowing the ways of the front door soon unlatched it and passed out.

It was on just such a morning that she and Romy had made their expedition together to Covent Garden, and she stopped to look up at the drab blinds of the house, wondering if she would ever see it or Romy again.

And then for a moment her heart failed her, and looking across the two top of the direction of Grosvenor place her youth cried out passionately and insistently against the sacrifice she was making, and in that moment, when her heart cleaved to the house that bid Romy from her eyes, and she could hardly force her leaden steps away, she knew that she left behind in his keeping that which no other man had ever won, and now a poorer yet an infinitely richer Lesley was she who now departed, than the girl, proud and ashamed, who had so unwillingly crossed his mother's threshold as guest.

A sleepy stable boy unfurnished the stable door, and Miss Coquette, broad awake and fresh as paint, looked over her shoulder as Lesley came in and whinnied with delight at sight of her. For once the girl had no sugar in her hand, but Miss Coquette did not seem to mind, but rather to understand, as Lesley took off her hat, and leaving her head against that safe neck let the tears stream like rain down her face. It was because Coquette understood that those tears came, and when she nuzzled her head delicately into Lesley's shoulder it was as real a bit of comfort as if she had spoken a loving word, making, however, the parting all the harder, as with a last kiss on her darling's forehead Lesley at last tore herself away.

As she walked over the cobblestones toward Bond street she said to herself that now she had got the worst over and was glad to hear a clock strike 10, so that she had not so very much time to spare, after all, and when she had found a hansom, which was not so easy a matter, she began to think of what she would say to her father, what explanation she could give for this sudden appearance, mad and haggard, at Mallincoort.

Their correspondence lately had been sparse and cool, as both were angry with each other, but Lesley was too well aware of her father's real love for her to have much fear of her reception. She smiled a little as she thought of what he would be doing when she arrived and of how, if his back were to the door, she would steal up and—

suddenly a disagreeable thought crossed her mind—what if Bob were there? Bob, who might read her secret in her face and even dare to upbraid her with it?

"Poor Bob! Poor dad! And poorer Lesley!" she said to herself bitterly as the cab stopped before the grimey and most uncomfortable railway station, surely, in the whole world, and where, after all, she had some time to wait, which she partly beguiled by drinking a glass of milk and eating a bun, thought it last she found herself in the train and thankful to be there herself, for what if her flight had been discovered and search instituted for her?

"Slipped off!" She repeated the words as above in her compartment the train moved slowly out of the station, and with nothing to read, and only her thoughts for company, Lesley set out for the home whence she had been sent disgraced, only to return to it in the role of an ungrateful runaway, who had yet managed to leave behind the most precious thing belonging to her in the whole world.

CHAPTER XV.

"Mother," said Romy at breakfast, which was at half past 9, "I shall have to run out of town for a couple of days, so I can't take you and Lesley to the opera tonight, as I promised."

The words were simple enough, but his tone made the mother's instinct leap up, and she looked earnestly at her boy, feeling sure something was wrong, and caught him looking at her with a glance of such solicitous tenderness that her heart died within her.

"What is it, Romy?" she said faintly. "You're ordered off on active service again?"

"Nothing of the kind, mother," he said cheerily, and went round and kissed her more fondly than he supposed, whereby he strengthened her suspicions, though she resolved to hide them, feeling convinced that somehow Lesley was at the bottom of the trouble.

"Where is Lesley?" he said as he sat down.

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down and helped himself to kidney omelette. "This is the first time I ever knew her late. She is usually down before either of us."

"Planning some fresh mischief, no doubt," said Lady Appuldurcombe dryly. "I don't feel at all comfortable about the way people look at her, Romy, as if—as if—"

"Well, they won't much longer," said Romy rashly, and before his mother could upbraid him this dark saying Charlie entered, bearing a letter on a salver, his usually unruffled countenance less majestic than usual as he withdrew.

"From Lesley," said Lady Appuldurcombe carelessly, but noticing that Romy got up from his chair and stood watching her face keenly as she read—and indeed the changes on it were astonishing, not to say alarming.

"What is it, mother?" he broke out suddenly and passionately. "Is she ill?—have you been pitching into her again?"

"She has run away!" said Lady Appuldurcombe, with a gasp. "She is homesick, she says—how wicked, how outrageous, how altogether bad form!"

Romy took the letter from his mother's limp hand, but almost before his eyes had devoured it he knew that Lesley had left him no message; that in these few brief lines of farewell he was not even mentioned, and he remembered grimly how there had been no answering look in her eyes yesterday when he betrayed himself. Yet she knew—she must know how it was with him—and she had just run away from him.

He had fallen in with the other silly sleep behind her—yes, he was a sheep—and she was probably laughing at him now. What did one man's love, more or less, matter to Lesley? They had begun by quarrelling, but lately, he could scarcely date from when, but he thought it was that morning walk when she had shown him a glimpse of her real self, they had grown friendly together, and some of the intensely lovable "ways" had wound themselves about his heart, as they had done about so many others, he thought, self contemptuously.

"So ungrateful," said Lady Appuldurcombe irritably. Then, as she struck by a sudden thought, "You don't think there is any man in it, do you, Romy?"

"Mother!" he said sternly, and she had never seen her son look so put out before, "how can you ever think such a thing of Lesley? She has been in this house nearly three weeks, and when did you ever know her to do a mean or an unkind thing? Whatever reason she has for going in this way it is one that she considers right. Can't you see even in those few hurried lines that she would because she must, not because she wished to?"

And yet Cynthia never crossed his mind as he stood looking down on the irregularly formed but charming handwriting that somehow brought Lesley, delightful, elusive, true hearted, before him.

For she was true hearted, where she loved, or might love, and was it her fault or his that she did not love him? There was not a drop of coward's blood in her veins; and he knew she had not run away because she feared to face his mother when it became known he had gone to fight a duel on account of her—

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now making her way under the trees toward him.

She had a curious sense of outlawry, as if she might be discovered and driven away, as bareheaded she looked up to the green overarches that were different, surely, from when, but four short weeks ago, she had looked up at them in company with Bob.

Suddenly she stopped—it was precisely here that she had told Bob she meant to love him as a brother, and he had not seen it, and her father had not seen it, and so she had been packed off to town, where she had herself been buried with the fire that she had hitherto so recklessly scattered broadcast among others.

And now she would have to meet Bob—perhaps he was up at the house at very minute—and a glimpse of the long facade, that had begun by being very stately, but by the aid of creeps and ivy was now merely comfortable, made her feel inclined to ascertain first who was within before bursting on her father's vision in the well worn character of a runaway.

But, no—she would face out whatever had to be faced, and so it was that Lord Mallincoort, sitting in the library waiting for the luncheon gong to sound, heard a light step behind him, felt two warm little hands pressed over his eyes, and with a sigh of satisfaction said:

"Ah, lassie, is that you?"

She felt the smile of welcome spreading all over her face, then went around, and when she saw the beaming, tender welcome that awaited her vowed as she kissed him that her own dear old dad was worth all the lovers in the world.

"I've been expecting you for—let me see—exactly 10 days," he said as she pressed herself on his knee. "No luggage, of course?" he added, with a twinkle in the blue eyes, set so cheerily in his ruddy, weathered face.

"No luggage," said Lesley, making him a polite little bow and pinching his chin. "Everything done in the good old style—position untenable, prompt evacuation—here we are! Nadege is coming on with the frocks presently. They've been awfully useful, those frocks."

Lord Mallincoort chuckled and pinched her cheek, a good deal less blooming than it had been three weeks ago.

"I know you'd never stand it," he said. "All cackles and giggles and wickedness, and my Lady Appuldurcombe, with no idea of the ways of young ladies like you. But I don't see much improvement," he added, with a humorous glance at Lesley, who certainly looked no repentant sinner as she sat laughing and looking at her father.

"Dad," she said suddenly, "you never served me but one mean trick in your life—and—and—I'll forgive you for that," she added, with a fine air of magnanimity.

"Thank you, lassie," he said, and looked at her so keenly that her color rose. "You haven't replaced Bob, have you?"

"No one has a real place in my estimation but you, dad. Bob's was—was only a slippery one. How is that young man? Does he eat, drink and sleep as soundly as ever?"

"I don't know his sleeping capacities," said Lord Mallincoort dryly, "and he doesn't live on gruel—at least when he is here. And you won't have found his equal in that Sedan and Gonorrach, I'm thinking. And pray what made the position untenable?"

Lesley hung her head.

"The luncheon gong has sounded twice," she said, "and I'm so hungry. I started before 7."

"Now, Lesley," said Lord Mallincoort, shaking his head, but at that moment a knock came at the door, and Lesley hurried off her father's knee to meet the elderly man who entered, and darning up shock him heartily by the hand.

"Hut," she said, "I'm so glad to see you. Lady Appuldurcombe's butler always made me feel like a bishop doing curate's work." And then she took her father's arm and marched him in to luncheon.

And it was quite in the nature of things and in accordance with the gospel of successful lovers that just as hungry Lesley was taking her first mouthful of roast chicken Bob Featherley, all health and tweed and stalwart legs clad in leather mixture, should stalk into the room and utter a shout of joy at sight of her.

"Bob," she said pitiously, "do please let me finish this wing, and then I'll talk to you. Dad, some more gravy, please, and, hut, the bread's gone."

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Cranston lay on a couch drawn close to a window commanding the avenue of beeches under whose colonnade she had been in the habit of looking for the approach of some one she loved. Well, three weeks would be gone today—another week—and she sat in anticipation of the bright presence, the intensely lovable personality of the girl whom she had come to love beyond any living thing on earth.

But what was this advancing under the trees, something white, moving—

(Continued on third page.)

What Shall I Do?

Is the earnest, almost agonizing cry of weak, tired, nervous women, and crowded, overworked, struggling men. Slight difficulties, ordinary cares, household work or daily labor, magnify themselves into seemingly impassable mountains.

This is simply because the nerves are weak, the bodily organs debilitated, and they do not

Take

proper nourishment. Feed the nerves, organs and tissues on rich red blood, and how soon the glow of health comes to the pale cheeks, firmness to the untidy hand, and strength to the faltering limb.

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for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paragon, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel P. Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DIDN'T GET WHAT SHE WANTED.

Root of a Young Woman Who Undertook to Squelch a Grocery Clerk.

Two pretty young women entered a large up town grocery one evening last week. From their conversation it was evident that they belonged to some boarding school in the neighborhood and had stolen out for a few moments to buy dainties which they meant to smuggle to their rooms.

"There's one thing I don't like about the clerks in this store," said one of them, while they waited for the salesman, "and that's the way they insist on telling you that you don't want what you do want and that you do want what you don't want. Every time I come in here I have the same experience, and I'm just tired of it. The next time it happens I'm going to tell the clerk just what I think of him."

At that moment a clerk approached and asked the young women what they wanted. The one who had so much to complain about pointed at one of a row of cracker tins and said:

"I want a pound of those."

"Oh, no, you don't," said the clerk snarlingly, "you want some of these, or these here; they're all very nice."

The young woman threw a glance which said, "What did I tell you?" at her companion, and turning to the clerk said fiercely:

"No, I don't, anything of the kind. I want those and no others."

"I beg your pardon," he began, "I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," said the young woman. "I guess I know what I want. Now just let me have a pound of those, please." And she turned to her companion with a look of triumph on her face which plainly meant, "Didn't I squelch him?"

"Very well, madam," said the clerk humbly, "but may I ask whether they are for yourself?"

"Well, of all the impertinent questions!" began the young woman, when her companion interrupted, and, turning to the clerk, said:

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because they're dog biscuits," replied the clerk indifferently. "Still, of course, if you want them, you can have them."

"Never mind," faltered the young woman who had insisted on having what she wanted. "I guess I don't want anything at all," and she strutted out of the store looking very much abashed and followed by her companion, who was struggling to hide her laughter.

Traveler's Directory.

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Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats

Ladies' of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire

line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be

found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15

percent less than our regular prices. This

we do in order to make room for our Spring

and Summer styles, which we will receive

about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of

our goods to be the best and to give general

satisfaction.

McLENNAN BROTHERS,

196 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Christmas Novelties.

A large and varied assortment of Christmas

Cards and Calendars, at all prices, from 10

cents up. Also Ink Stands of various varieties

from 25c up. Also Ink Stands of various varieties

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HOUSEHOLD FANCY WORK.

EMBROIDERY CHIT CHAT

A sofa or hammock pillow, or indeed,

a pillow that is to be used anywhere

else, can have a very nice washable

cover, and with the washable

display of such fabric, the bed need

not be being pleased, or sick for sick

and sad.

Every known method of embroidery

is utilized in their decoration, but artistic

effects are obtained with

simple, bold designs and common

stitches than with intricate patterns

and elaborate embroidery.

A beauty of the former sort was made

of cream art linen, embroidered in a

parallel row of chain stitching, done

in two shades of old blue. As also twist

ed embroidery silk, the darker shade

being used for the inner line.

Another cover, made of the new soft

finished, natural-tinted Russian crash,

is to be embroidered in the same way

with two shades of saturated, and the

edge finished with lace.

Although these have lost much of their

old-time popularity, there are some

where they do not appear in

some form, and recently seen was

made of three-fourths of buckram about

two inches wide, striped with

lavender. As also twisted embroidery

silk. Between these stripes were strips

of three-inch wide white satin ribbon.

Chrysanthemums are very effective

for embroidery, and are usually given a

solid treatment, although long and

solid stitches are used and very

factory. The design may be worked

in pink or yellow. As also a Roman

flower as preferred. The ribbon con-

necting the flowers in palest shade of

the flowers, or in white, and too edge

may follow the same coloring.

A low table, suggestive of cozy

comfort and warm welcomes on dark

afternoons, must have a place not too

far from the fire. The top may be of

brass or silver, antique or modern, and

the chairs may be of any material, and

the chairs may be of any material, and

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THE LADY MALINCOURT.

(Continued from second page.)

only Lesley knew how to move,

coming nearer every moment, resolving

itself at last into Lesley's very own tall

self?

Lady Cranston could have leaped to

meet her, but with a cry of joy she sank

back upon her pillows instead, glancing

round her prison house at the litter of

lovely useless things whereby woman-

kind bind themselves to the house

because often it takes the place of

health, of love, of that forward move-

ment in life's glorious battle which is

denied to most women who, to use an-

other simile, while cultivating their

own little corner plot, behold man walk-

ing in the middle path, with the whole

wide garden in which to take his lonely

pleasure. I think houses were originally

made not to live in, but to rest in, for

to neglect the whole panorama of nature

to gaze upon beautiful pots and pans,

the work of men's hands, is not what

human muscles and flesh and blood were

originally meant for.

It is those who spend the major part

of their existence in the open air who

get the most out of life, and the man

who has his health and with his hardy

gurdy tramps the streets in foul weather

or fine is a million times more to be

envied than the rich man, who, surrounded

by the boundless artificial beauty

that wealth gives, lacks the health that

living in the free air under heaven alone

bestows.

Lesley came in swiftly, and kneeling

down beside her friend put her arms

gently about the frail figure and kissed

her warmly. Somehow with Cynthia's

always felt so old, with Lady Cranston

so young.

"Come back like a bad penny," she

said. "But, oh, it's nice to find every-

one so glad to see that discarded coin!

How have you been, dear? You never

said a word about yourself when you

wrote."

"And you wrote so often," said Lady

Cranston, laughing. "Quite a diary,

in fact. But the weekly papers supplanted

your bald epistles very considerably."

Lesley laughed.

"I'm like dead," she said, "a hope-

lessly bad correspondent. He did not

even know I was coming home yester-

day."

Lady Cranston looked with sudden

scrutiny at the girl, who was just then

sitting on her heels and with all the air

of a naughty child determined not to

own up to the jam with which its lips

are palpably sticky.

"Lesley," she said, shaking her head,

"you have been up to your tricks again,

but that is of course. Has—has any one

turned the tables on you—at last?"

Lesley got up and fetched a chair.

The Mercury.

JAMES P. HARRISON, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1896.

A New York paper has been taking the census of American colonies, and finds that there are enough of them to settle with John Bull, without enlisting a single private.

The display of bloyotes, at the New York exhibition this week, suggests that many a man must have had pains, if not wheels, in his head to work up all the novelties there displayed.

The Ohio legislature in electing ex-Gov. Foraker to succeed Senator Brice gives Senator John Sherman a Republican colleague for the first time since the war.

The gifts to colleges, churches, libraries and public charities in this country last year amounted to \$23,018,542, against \$10,007,110 in 1894. This is one of the items that always manage to elude the professional Socialist.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers this week the entertaining and instructive paper recently read before the United Club by Mr. Dudley E. Campbell. It is an interesting paper by an interesting writer and should be widely read.

When the civil war opened the wealth of this country was estimated at \$10,000,000,000, and in case of a foreign war would now be an undivided people. The most remarkable fact connected with these figures is that the United States accumulated three times as much wealth during the thirty years ending with 1893 as in the 27 years preceding 1860.

The report of the special committee appointed to investigate the charges of fraud made by Lord Dunsany against the Defendant in last fall's match for the America's cup, has finally been given to the public together with the testimony on both sides. It is a voluminous document and shows conclusively that the charges were false in every particular and without even the semblance of a foundation.

Wisconsin began the century with a white population of one hundred and fifteen persons, had in 1850 a population of 35,391, and now finds, by the State census just completed, that her inhabitants number 1,037,916. Seventy-two per cent. of them were born in the United States. Even now the population of the State is but 35.39 per cent. of the population of Rhode Island.

Congressman Bull is doing just what those who know him best said he would do—looking after the interests of Rhode Island and the residents thereof. If he succeeds in getting favorable action on one-half the measures which he has already introduced more direct benefit will accrue to the people of this district from his membership than resulted from that of any of his predecessors for a generation. And yet, this is only the beginning of his first term.

The receipts of the American Bible Society last year were over \$228,000, but this was much less than was needed for its purposes. It prints the Bible in ninety-five different languages and dialects, and while many are of a high class and purchased by the well-to-do, the most of them are cheap, and find their way as gifts into the homes of the poor. Since 1804, there has been an average of 250,000 Bibles printed in the world.

The Globe-Democrat says: It is shown by the official statistics that in a given 1000 of the people of Massachusetts there are now more individuals possessed of moderate and fair-sized estates than ever before, and that the average size of such estates is more than double what it was sixty years ago. This is relatively true as to the whole country. In spite of all the loose talk about the rich growing richer and poor growing poorer, the fact is that the poor are accumulating property faster, in proportion and in the aggregate, than the rich.

An attempt on the part of Great Britain to acquire Cuba by purchase from Spain, would call for something more than talk. It would be made the occasion for a proclamation of the Monroe doctrine. We have no idea that Great Britain thinks of doing anything like that. An attempt to add Cuba to the British possessions would leave no doubt about the willingness of Great Britain to engage in a war with the United States. There is some doubt about the Venezuelan situation; but there would be none whatever if Cuba were to be traded off to Great Britain. The trouble would arise in delivering the goods.

Stephen Andrew, who, it is said, was the heaviest man in western Rhode Island, died Monday at the home of his son in West Greenwich. Death was due to heart failure. He was in his 81st year and weighed 468 pounds. It is said that his chest measured 78 inches, his hips 19 inches, and that he stood over six feet in his stockings. He was married three times and survived all his wives.

Darius S. Allen, North Kingstown weather prophet, declares that unless all signs fail before the close of the present month a thaw will set in of such length as to free all the ponds of ice, and although they may again be frozen over, the ice will not be of sufficient thickness to cut. Mr. Allen further predicts that a thaw of still greater magnitude will take place about the last week in February, at which period the cold season will probably come to an end.

The Governor's Mes. ago.

The Governor's Message to the General Assembly on Tuesday was lengthy and treated of the various matters which are of the greatest importance to the citizens of the State. Statistics showed that there were in hands of the sinking fund commissioners, including interest, to January 1, 1896, a balance remaining after the payment of all bonds of \$10,447.74. The expenditures of the State for 1895 exceeded the receipts \$93,000 and a deficiency at the end of 1895 of \$130,000 is anticipated. The work of the new state house commission was referred to and on the subject of taxation various methods for the State to secure an additional income, without increasing the burden of taxation by present laws, were suggested. The work of the fact by inspectors was commended and the advantages of the new machinery at Block Island set forth. Prompt attention and careful management was recommended by the State militia matters, as well as the making provision for obtaining and keeping all records and papers that relate to the early history of the State, many of which are known to be scattered in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Recommendations of the State Board of Agriculture were touched upon and in conclusion His Excellency presented some interesting statistics regarding the cost of maintaining the various State institutions and recommended, after consideration of the various subjects mentioned in the message:

First, that the legislature, as promptly as possible, obtain, by vote of the people, authority to issue bonds to the extent of \$500,000, to supply the necessary funds to meet the general obligations of the State.

Second, that Article 4, Sec. 13, of the State Constitution, be amended to increase the power of the legislature to borrow money in time of peace to not less than \$100,000 nor more than \$500,000.

Third, that an amendment be introduced to the State Constitution granting to the Governor the right of veto.

The General Assembly.

The General Assembly began its January Session on Tuesday. The volume of business thus far transacted has been small, however, as is usual for the first week. Most of the first day's session was occupied by the reading of the Governor's message, the election of pages and the selection of seats by the members. An act providing for the taking of land for school purposes in Newport was introduced by Col. Sheffield and referred to the judiciary committee, and Capt. Rogers introduced an act incorporating the Seaside Athletic Club of Newport which was referred to the committee on Education. A resolution providing for adjournments from Fridays to Tuesdays was offered by Col. Sheffield and adopted.

At noon on Wednesday the Senate joined the House in grand committee for the election of an Adjutant General; Frederick M. Sackett was chosen by Wednesday included the reception of the annual report of the Newport City Council relative to the Tourist Synagogue fund, presented by Col. Sheffield, and the passage of a resolution paying the bill of the Newport Artillery Company for Election Day expenses, amounting to \$330.

The Nativity of our Population.

A census bulletin, classifying the population of the state according to nativity, has just been issued which says that since 1855 the native born have increased 43,290 or 10.75 per cent. and the foreign born 37,214 or 43.40 per cent. Between 1875 and 1885 the native born increased 32,114 or 17.21 per cent. and the foreign born 14,831 or 19.45 per cent. The native born represent 68.09 per cent. of the total population of the State. This proportion (68.09 per cent.) is exceeded in two cities and twenty-five towns, but in the cities of Pawtucket, Woonsocket and Central Falls, and in the towns of Cumberland, Johnston, Lincoln, North Providence, North Smithfield, Warren and Warwick, the native born represent less than 68.09 per cent. of the local population. In 1875 the native born formed 72.28 per cent. and in 1885, 71.88 per cent. of the total population of the State. The proportion of native born to the local population is greatest in the town of Foster where it is 87.65 per cent. and least in the town of Lincoln where it is 49.11 per cent. The towns of Exeter, Glocester, North Smithfield, Warren and West Greenwich show a decrease during the decade in both native and foreign born, while the towns of Charlestown, Coventry, Foster, Hopkinton, Little Compton, Portsmouth, Richmond, Scituate and Smithfield show a decrease only in native born. Of these towns Coventry and Little Compton do not show a decrease in their total population.

The new mill of the Warren Manufacturing company, now being built at Warren to replace the plant destroyed by fire October 34, will be one of the most capacious and best equipped mills for the manufacture of cotton goods in the state. The new plant will comprise a one-story weave shed 205 by 460 feet; a three-story spinning mill 404 by 127 feet; and a two-story annex connecting these, 70 by 132 feet, making the total length of 634 feet. The picker department will be in a separate building 104 by 76 feet in dimensions. The material used in construction will be brick with New Bedford granite trimmings. The mill will be equipped with 2100 looms, and will be of 75,000 spindle capacity.

Mr. and Mrs. Achille Stevens have returned from Milrose, Mass., where they were called to attend the funeral of Mrs. Stevens' brother.

WELL WORTH TELLING

A Well-Known Senator Tells a Remarkable Story.

No Possible Doubt As to Its Absolute Truth.

From the High Standing of the Senator.

Higher the Position, More Interesting the Facts.

Our Readers Eager for Just Such Details.

Senator Frank Plimley, of Northfield, Vt., is a man of national reputation. No man today is more prominently before the people of the State of Vermont than he.

A lawyer by profession, he was elected to the House of Representatives in 1882, is Trustee of Schools, Trustee of Northfield Bank, and Trustee of Northfield University, (a Military School under patronage of the U. S. Government), has been Trustee of the Montpelier Seminary, Chairman of the Republican State Convention in 1890, Delegate at large to the Republican National Convention in 1893, was United States Attorney for Vermont 1889 to 1891, and is now State Senator.

Senator Plimley is well-known throughout the United States, having been elected by the National Republican Committee as speaker to stump the State of Michigan for Blaine in 1884, and again in 1888 and 1892 he spoke through the West for the Republican presidential candidate.

When he came out of the presidential campaign in '92, coming over work he was almost a completely nervous wreck. His representative of the State said:

"In the fall of 1892 I came out of the presidential campaign with my nervous system almost broken. "I lost all ordinary remedies did not assist me. Some of my personal friends advised me to take a course of Dr. Green's medicine, which I did with entire success. "I used Dr. Green's Nervine blood and nerve remedy for that exhaustion caused by long continued mental work, and think well of it."

We understand that Senator Plimley's cure is radical and complete, and while we congratulate the popular Senator on his recovery, we cannot but feel that this is a distinct triumph for that marvelous medicine, Dr. Green's Nervine blood and nerve remedy, which, owing to the high standing of Senator Plimley, and the fact that he is so widely known, will give Dr. Green's Nervine a great boost.

The remedy deserves it, for it is in truth a most wonderful cure of disease, a restorative and invigorator which stands at the present day with-out a rival in making people well; a remedy which is always sure to cure, to give health and strength, to make whoever uses it strong and vigorous.

This most valuable remedy is not a patent medicine and should not be classed as such, for it is the discovery and prescription of one of our leading specialists in nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Green, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. The doctor gives an added value to his great remedy by allowing all who desire to consult him without charge, either in person or through the mail.

February Weather.

Prof. Foster says of the weather to prevail during the coming month:

The Missouri valley, the Mississippi valley above St. Louis, Manitoba, Lakes Michigan and Superior will average below normal temperatures, the coldest parts being along a line drawn from Winnipeg to Kansas City.

The Pacific slope, northern parts of the southern states, the Ohio valley, lower lakes and the north Atlantic states will have about average temperatures.

The southern parts of the southern states and the south Atlantic coast country, from Raleigh and Charleston southward, will average below the normal temperatures.

The rainfall for February will be unusually even, with excesses and deficiencies in very few places. The average February rainfall east of the Rockies is heaviest, about six inches, within the diurnal range from New Orleans by way of Memphis, Nashville, Atlanta, Mobile and back to New Orleans. All around this circle the rainfall grows less as you recede from it.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Senator Davis' "Vigorous" Amendment—The House Tariff Bill Still Tied Up in the Senate Finance Committee—Census of the Secretary Noble's Views on the President's Campaign—Pension Matters—Democrats "All at Sea."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20th, 1896. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, has received many congratulations for the vigorous amendment which stands up in every line of the House bill reported to the Senate from the committee of Finance.

The resolution was written by Senator Davis, having been appointed a sub-committee of one to perform that duty, and the resolution itself furnishes the best evidence that that could not have been put in better hands. There are a few timid men in Congress—mostly Democrats—who are a little afraid that the resolution goes too far, especially that portion of it which declares the United States to be the sole judge when it comes to determining the question of infringement of the Monroe doctrine, but Congress is practically unanimously in favor of the assertions contained in the resolution, and there is no doubt that the resolution will be adopted by both Senate and House, and that even the timid individuals referred to will support their votes in its favor when put to the test.

The resolution will change the status of the House tariff bill which is tied up in the Senate Finance Committee. Something may develop at this week's regular meeting of the committee that will result in getting the bill reported to the Senate in some shape, although it is no longer certain about it.

Sumner has an intended special Cuban mission from Mr. Cleveland to Congress has been floating around for several days, but no definite mention on the subject can be obtained either at the White House or the State Department. Meanwhile there is considerable adverse comment heard upon the slow pace of Secretary Olney in furnishing the Cuban information called for by a resolution adopted by the House last week ago.

It is not at all an all-around favorable action of Congress towards the Cubans, which might follow his answer. Ex-Secretary Noble, of President Harrison's cabinet, who is in Washington in connection with the Commission charged with selecting the site and design for the Sherman equestrian statue that is to be erected, has been prominently mentioned by the press as a possible candidate for the Presidential nomination, but if he knows anything he kept it to himself. The following remarks made to one newspaper man is in substance what the Ex-Secretary said to all: "I am out of politics. I have no ideas about these matters. Whoever is nominated by the Republican Convention will be elected. The Democrats haven't a chance in a million to win, it doesn't matter what kind of a platform they promulgate or who they nominate."

General Pension Appropriation bill was passed by the House just fifty days earlier in the session than this same bill passed either of the last two democratic Houses. Several of the proposed amendments to the bill were ruled out under points of order raised by a democrat, but they will be considered by the Pickler Pension bill, which is now in hands of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, but which will soon be reported to the House and passed by that body. The Pickler bill has been approved by the Legislative Committee of the G. A. R.

Senator Butler, of North Carolina, has lost the benefit of the good impression his appearance made when he entered the Senate. The reason is the same that has killed so many other promising men in our country—Congressional apoplexy when he has nothing to say for the pleasure of hearing his own voice.

Democrats openly acknowledge their committee broke the old custom of the party in power holding its National Convention first solely with the hope that the republicans will make some mistake in their candidate or platform which the democrats will exploit. Their convention several weeks later will be to no profit by this. This merely shows the desperate straits to which the poor old Cleveland-fiddling democratic party is reduced. Within less than six months of the holding of their National Convention they have no idea what they intend doing first or then to take advantage of any loophole that may be left by the republican platform, to put forward so not of a plan that may amuse the voters. But the impression is widely abroad that the backing of voters by a democratic platform will never again be successful. It was done once too often. This bit of cowardice is strikingly characteristic of the democratic party as well as in striking contrast with the record of the republican party under similar circumstances. During its long control of the government the republican party never failed once to hold its National Convention first. But, the republican party has always known where it stood upon every great question, and has never attempted to straddle questions or to make platforms which may be construed to mean anything or nothing according to the construer. Which makes quite a difference.

J. B.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY: FOR THE WEEK ENDING JANUARY 25, 1896.

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Foster's Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1895, by W. F. Foster.

St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 25.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from 25th to 29th and the next will reach the Pacific coast about 30th, across the West.

This storm will develop more than usual, force, particularly in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys and dangerous storms may result about the great lakes.

Not much rain or snow from this disturbance. The center of the storm will take a northern route and the temperature in the southern states will be more below the normal than in the northern. Probabilities are that temperatures in the north will average above normal and in the south below from January 30th to February 1st.

The storm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about January 30th, great central valleys February 1st, east coast states February 2d. Cool waves will cross the west of Rockies country about February 2d, great central valleys 4th, east coast states 6th.

The front line of the storm and February disturbance will cross the Pacific coast about 5th, cross the west of Rockies country by close of 6th, great central valleys 7th to 8th, eastern states 10th.

The coldest part of the month will follow this low, beginning immediately after it has passed, and with it will begin the rain or snow period of the month.

The storm wave will cross the west of Rockies country about 6th, great central valleys 7th, eastern states 10th. Cool waves will cross the west of Rockies country about 8th, great central valleys 10th, eastern states 12th.

A. O. Taylor.

Next Issue Agent, Newport, R. I.

121 BELLEVUE AVENUE.

To Farmers: I have a new advertisement for the Farmers' Union, which is a very good one, and will be of great service to you. It is a very good one, and will be of great service to you.

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STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF CLEVELAND.

LUKE COUNTY.

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THE COAST FEVER

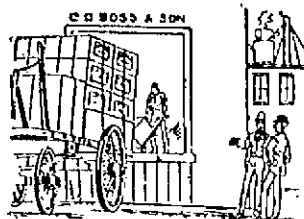
Ended the Life of Prince Henry of Battenberg.

He Accompanied the British Expedition Against the Albanians—Died on the Return Voyage to Sierra Leone.

LONDON, Jan. 23.—Dispatches from Sierra Leone contained details of the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The prince, it appears, although sick, continued on the march until within 80 miles of Coomaes, where he became seriously sick that the officer in command insisted that he should be immediately conveyed back to Freetown.

LONDON, Jan.

"The kind boss makes his biscuits with."



allied with the same care in the selection of other healthful ingredients as what has made

OUR SUCCESS

and built up our tremendous business; sales of over 3,000,000 pounds of our Lunch Milk Biscuits alone is an example of the public's appreciation; but to come back to the beginning, the keystone of all was simply our now famous

BOSS BAKING POWDER



YOUR REPUTATION

as a housewife of the greatest skill in the preparing of pies, cakes and biscuits will be established. If you follow our example. Take no substitutes from your grocer.

MANUFACTURED BY
C. D. BOSS & SON, New London, Conn.

Poetry.

"Who is This Jesus of Nazareth?"

BY MRS. M. H. HAMMOND,
Lexington, Mass.

(The Turkish soldier to his wife after the massacre at Safford.)

"Who is this Jesus of Nazareth?"
The Mussulman soldier, caught his breath,
And with his bow, he came to rest,
Whom the soft dawn had brought to rest.

He had come from a field of God, accused;
He had fought with the Christians, and he was
In his own eyes, he was a man of God.

"Who is this Jesus of Nazareth?"
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gratulated myself on having made such

a pleasant acquaintance.
"The next day Rodell seemed more at his ease—probably, thinking himself safe—and I had several opportunities for observing him. He often bade me good morning, and remarked that we were having a good passage, as I passed him in the dock. During dinner he entered into conversation with his neighbors, and was more off his guard. But at times he seemed to recollect himself, and would pass a hand over his forehead in a peculiar manner. I saw at once what it meant. This was a warning sign, and I was feeling it was all right. I chuckled with satisfaction; there would be no mistake this time, I felt sure.

"My aristocratic friend was a favorite on board, especially among the ladies, and he was certainly very pleasant with me. He insisted on my sharing his wine at dinner, after which we took a turn on deck, when he spoke quite freely.
"By the by, Rodell," he said, "did you notice that curious chap who came tonight—whatever is his name? Oh, Rodell. If I were any judge of character I should say he was doing a little smuggling, or that he has done something worse. Did you notice what suspicious looks he kept casting around? 'Pon my word, I believe the fellow looks like a thief.'"
"Now you mention it," I said, "I did remember."

"Wonder if he's a criminal trying to escape. There was that fellow Diamond a week or two ago—he must have done the detective and got away."

"I don't believe he has got away yet," I said.

"What if this should be the fellow?" and my companion laughed.

"Whether it was the wine or the honor of talking to an aristocrat, I do not know, but I found myself confessing to him who and what I thought Rodell was."

"My companion's astonishment was almost ludicrous. 'You a detective?' he said. 'To tell you the truth, I thought you were one of the Hampshire Germans. 'Pon my word you surprise me.'"

"But his lordship was none the less cordial, and in return for my confidence told me that he was Lord Disley, the eldest son of Lord Baltimore, and was traveling under his brother's name for family reasons."

"An American in town three months ago—a charming girl. I am coming very quiet, as the governor is bent on me wearing my cousin. But come, drink to my success."

"The next day to my surprise, Rodell seemed to have lost all fear and was in the greatest mood. He had a long chat with me and told me he was on his way to visit some friends in Philadelphia."

"He gave himself away thoroughly. I saw it all. He was wearing a wig as well as a beard, but he was stronger proof of his identity. The missing finger of his left hand. Rodell had his fingers in all, to all seeming. But I noticed that his little finger was held out stiffly, and that he could not bend it. A close examination showed me that it was a skillfully made imitation."

"No man is wise at all times," I thought, "he is certainly true of fugitives from justice."

"I say, Rodell," he said that evening, "you think they are detectives on board?"

"Detectives!" I echoed. There may be, why?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he said, "fussing. I passed a fellow just now that looked like one, I thought."

"And then, after a few minutes' silence, I shall be glad when we are safe in New York."

"Why?"

"Oh, because—because I feel nervous on the water," he said, with still more confusion.

"Is he your man? Lord Disley whispered to me that evening."

"Yes," I said, "I shall arrest him as soon as we land."

"Good," he replied. "I want to see the fun."

"The next day Rodell showed himself a greater fool than ever. We had a game of quills on deck, and he played. It was rather hot, and Rodell and a few more took off their jackets. Rodell began to talk to his neighbors, but suddenly recollected himself and hastily buttoned them again. But I had caught a glimpse of the beautifully tattooed arm of the missing man. This was the wig that he couldn't bend his hands on. A child wouldn't have been so simple."

"I arrested him just as he had got ready to step ashore. His astonishment was so complete that he had to laugh out loud. 'You a detective?' he asked me, and then loudly protested his innocence. But it was no good, and when I mentioned the false beard and wig he lapsed into a sullen silence."

"Lord Disley congratulated me, and he shook hands as we parted. His lordship was good enough to hope that we should meet again."

"A steampship left for home the next day, and I took my prisoner back by it. Since his capture he had not spoken save to the three men who were sent to arrest him, and he was very quiet. He had a good passage, and I took my prisoner straight to Manchester, being, of course, in the highest spirits."

"That isn't Diamond, man," said the Manchester police."

"No," I chuckled, "but wait till that wig and beard are taken off, and then—"

"Mr. Jepson was sent for to identify him, and arrived while the prisoner was having his false beard and wig removed. The latter barked at him with a hoarse, warm, and whispered that there would be a little present for me outside my official reward."

"Rodell was brought in. Jepson looked at him keenly, and then turned to me."

"You confounded fool," he cried, in a great burst of rage, "this is no more Diamond than I am. You fool!"

"It was a very serious business for me, and for a time I was under a cloud. Rodell was bent on making a fuss, and I believed he received £200 to go quietly about his business. But what completed my humiliation was a letter I received shortly afterward. I have it in my pocketbook here; I always carry it to read when I am inclined to be con-

ceded."

"My Dear Dr. Warren: You really are a genius. I, your friend, Lord Disley, known in Manchester as P. D. Diamond, am under the greatest obligation to you. I spotted you at once on board the vessel, but I did not dream it would be such an easy task for you. Rodell was an out-and-out fool, but he was a clever fellow, and I think you will agree he was a clever fellow for making up—finger and tattoo mark, etc.—as well as considerable literary ability. But to think you should confound me! Really, it is too delicious."

"Ever your grateful friend,
"P. D. DIAMOND."

"No," said Dr. Warren, in answer to my question, "I did not show that letter to my authorities."—Tid-Bite.

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Woman With a History.

A well-dressed and sharp-faced woman passed into the lawyer's office, and very shortly was standing in front of his desk.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a low, but very pleasant voice, "but can you spare a few moments of your valuable time?"

"I am very busy, madam," he replied, "but if you have anything of importance to communicate I shall be glad to hear it. Pray be seated, madam."

"Thank you, sir," she said, looking around at a clock or two in a nervous fashion. "I am a woman with a history, and—"

"Excuse me, madam," apologized the attorney, seeing a few applicants on the horizon, "possibly you had better step into my private office with me where you will not be interrupted."

She thanked him, and they went into an adjoining room.

"Now," he said, when they were seated, "I presume you wish to consult me on this matter of your history?"

"Yes, sir. That is why I am here."

"Very well, proceed. Anything you may wish to say will be held in the strictest confidence. You were saying you were a woman with a history?"

"This was said very sympathetically, as an encouragement."

"Yes, sir," she began, as she laid a document before him. "It is a history of Napoleon Bonaparte in eighteen monthly parts, at 60 cents a month, and—"

He threw up his hands, but she had him, and he couldn't get a word out of her. She had put down his name, and now she was a "woman with a history" in his hearing. It makes cold chills run down his back.

He advertised.

"Once when I was publishing a paper in Seattle, I convinced a man in a most emphatic way that it paid to advertise," said an old journalist. "He was a fairly prosperous merchant, and I had tried for a long time to get him to insert an advertisement in my paper."

"Oh, it's no use," he would say. "I never read the advertisements in the paper, and no one else does."

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A Man's Face

is an index to the kind of tobacco he uses. Smokers of

Lorillard's Rose-Leaf Cut Plug

always look pleasant, because they feel pleasant. In this tobacco is the embodiment of comfort—every element necessary to tobacco perfection being combined in this fragrant brand. A 2 oz. package for five cents. Sold everywhere. If you prefer a slightly heavier smoke—Try SENSATION.

Borrow in His Heart.

There is a Congressman from Missouri who has a kick coming to him, as the boys say, and his name is Rucy. The Congressional director is absolutely silent as to his birthplace, his early life, his past, his present or his future. But that does not interfere with this story.

In the Congressional campaign of 1894, Mr. Rucy was offered the choice of two nominations on the Republican ticket. He could have, he was told, the place on the Congressional ticket, or he could be named for Supreme Judge. The one position paid \$5,000 a year for two years; the other was worth \$1,500 a year for ten years. Mr. Rucy pondered the problem. "Well," said he finally, "I cannot be elected to either place. Now, I can stump twelve counties of my district easier than I can travel all over the one hundred and fifteen counties of the State. I'll take the Congressional nomination, and save time and money."

The election came round. Mr. Rucy, as much to his surprise as to the astonishment of everybody else, was elected to Congress. But the other man, who had taken the nomination for Judge, was elected as well, and there was sorrow in the heart of Rucy.

When the Missouri Congressman told his story in the cloak room, the other day, his hardhearted colleagues laughed and made him buy dinner for the crowd.

PULLMAN'S COMPARTMENT CAR SERVICE.

New York to California.

A new line of Pullman's latest: Compartment Sleeping Cars was inaugurated on Tuesday, January 15, on the Southern Railway's Piedmont Air Line Limited between New York and New Orleans, connecting with similar cars on the Southern Pacific "Sunset Limited."

These cars will leave New York on every Tuesday and Saturday at 4.30 p. m., connecting at New Orleans with the Pacific Coast Flyer. These cars are most elegantly furnished and have two drawing-rooms and seven staterooms. These rooms can be used separately or thrown into a suite or private apartment. The state-rooms are unsurpassable in completeness, private folding washstand, and all conveniences of most modern drawing-room cars.

Scotch Economy.

Jeems is going to some grand "fun-tion." "It's time you were washin' yer self," Jeems.

"Washin' massel!" I dod, wumman, it's no ten minutes sin' the barber shaved me."

"But you can't go to a grand saramonee!" he says like that."

"Fur needs I wash my hands sin' I'm gaeen to have clothes on?"

"Has anybody here a corkcorker?" spoke up a sharp-nosed old gentleman in the sleeping car. "I have!" was the response from nearly every seat. "Just as I thought," sneered the old gentleman. "And now who will be the first to sign the temperance pledge?"

Have a good Cigar.

It's just as easy to have a good smoke as a poor one, they cost you the same.

The Brunswick Cigar.

is GOOD and you will like it and buy it again.

Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. WHOLESALE DEPOT.

TRADE MARK

is GOOD and you will like it and buy it again.

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Woman's Dep't.

The Utah Jubilee.

On receipt of the President's proclamation of Utah on Jan. 4, the people of Utah, men and women, without distinction of party, met in Salt Lake City, January 6, and observed the day as a triumphal holiday in celebration of the entrance of the Territory upon its career as the 45th State of the Union. The capital city was like a city clothed in beauty and decorations of great variety and beauty.

The day opened with the booming of cannon and the ringing of bells. This was followed by an immense street parade of soldiers of the 10th U. S. Infantry, State militia, police, State and city officials, fraternal societies, local organizations of various kinds, and citizens.

The streets were thronged with visitors from

CONCLUSION

BY PHONOGRAPH
By the Physicians
SEVERE
COUGH
At Night
Spitting Blood
Given Over by the Doctors!
LIFE SAVED BY
WYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

ough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood, the doctors being unable to help her. I asked her to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle, she was cured, so that now she is quite strong and healthy. This medicine saved my wife's life. I have not the least doubt."—K. Mannix, Memphis, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

aining, and some are never under my influence from the church. The subject cannot be ignored entirely in the school, and it is a vital point in

be standard. Morality, like our own language, is a social thing. Many sources, of which culture is the teacher or the school is chief, but the school is not and should contribute to a large measure toward building up in our youth a sturdy sense of right and wrong, and a respect for all things virtuous. It is evident that any moral training our public schools may undertake must be on a non-sectarian basis. If we established a school, or a series of churches and schools, whose support is by taxation in which all must bear their proportion, it would be rank injustice to compel a citizen of one denomination to pay for having the doctrines of another creed instilled into the minds of his children. So there can be no religious teaching unless all denominations can agree upon some common ground. But religion is not all morality nor is morality of itself religion, though they coincide on many points. The teaching of morality is a truth upon which all need agree, no matter what their sect or religious opinion, and it should be religiously

to its pupils this common fund of moral truth. It is not necessary to explain why a thing is right or wrong, but they must know more clearly than their natural insight will tell them, what is right and what is wrong. The teacher, in common with all who exercise authority for a purpose, is in an excellent position to do this, and instead of governing by a single rule, by punishment, he should strive to plant right in the minds of the pupils, which will bear fruit in many men and womanly women. In regard to the higher education in colleges and technical schools, the duty of the state is not so apparent. They have generally been supported by private or semi-private generosity, and this will probably continue to be the case. But if these means should fail, then the state may find a helping hand, as she has occasionally done. About thirty years ago Congress passed a bill authorizing the allotment of a portion of the public lands to the several states on the condition that each should provide a fund, the income of which should be applied, to the support of colleges and technical schools.

branches relating to agriculture, the mechanic arts and military sciences. Many of the states accepted the conditions, and no one can say that the realization of these conditions is not highly probable. The army of scientists men has received many additions from this source, and many of our youth have found the state college a stepping stone to an honorable and productive career.

It is clearly the duty of the state to lend its aid to the support of schools for the care of those either naturally or physically unfortunate. This work appeals strongly and directly to our sympathies and it seems to us that there should be no hesitation in assisting to make the lives of those who are unfortunate so much that we enjoy, a

which circumstances have placed the wisdom, surroundings, and start-up money on the downward path. Often the right training, when removed from the influence of their surroundings, will lead them to lives of usefulness and honor. An eminent physician, prominent in the pub is charities of Boston recently made the statement that there is no surer method of combating crime and poverty, than by education. It may seem to some that we have made broad claims upon the state in the matter of education. Let us remember that it is the fixed belief of the American people that education is necessary to nation prosperity. That the foundations of this government are laid in enlightenment, and that the state is the common parent of us all. Therefore we have tried to look on her to supply the things which are useful for our common good.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became a Girl, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—

[illegible]

